



2-11-45



the        oldest        fantasy fan        magazine

T H E        P H A N T A G R A P H

FOUNDED IN MAY 1934 AS THE TERRESTRIAL FANTASY  
SCIENCE GUILD'S BULLETIN.

Combined with

Editor--

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

Donald A. Wellheim

FANTASY FICTION DIGEST

SCIENCE FICTION WEEKLY

Associate Ed.--

FANTASTORY MAGAZINE

CURIOUS STORIES

Robert W. Lowndes

FUTURIAN NEWS

THE PLANETEER

Art Editor--

MIND OF MAN

BAROQUE

John B. Michel

STRANGE

etc.

Volume 10 Number 1

Whole Number 42

MAY 1942

THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Published at the Futurian Foundation (c/o Conway)  
137 East 27th Street, New York City, N.Y.

Member:- Fantasy Amateur Press Association,  
Futurian Society of New York, The Science -  
Fictioneers, The National Fantasy Fan Fed-  
eration, and others.

The Phantagraph is published irregularly for  
non-commercial interests and may contain any  
thing that happens to meet the fancy of the editor.

## THE OBJECTIVE APPROACH

by Cecil Corwin

Neither level-headed nor scatterbrained, I've gone my way for some thirty years. I've seen me to despise and men to admire and emulate, the most striking example of the latter being Mr. John Ramsey, the celebrated amateur lepidopterist.

He combined a natural and inherent solidity of intellect with carefully cultivated observational powers, reaching what might be considered a pinnacle of mind and body. At any rate, there used to be little doubt in my mind that he represented the aristocracy of the current unhappy crop of genus homo.

Mr. Ramsey's marriage was a singularly fortunate and well-timed. His wife, the former Diana Eversleigh, of the Baltimore Eversleigh-Spauldsons, would have been a rare catch five or so years ago, but with typical calculated reserve he waited for her to outgrow the debutante stage and become just a little lonely, feel just a little unwanted, before proposing to and marrying her.

He had been squireing it on his country seat in Jersey for a year or so when I called, having that day become a new neighbor of his.

Mr. Ramsey received me with festivities; no more than I had he forgotten our school-days together.

It was his extreme pleasure, he insisted, to show me through his "place", and this he did with a gusto typical of the man.

"Finally," he said, "my collection." And he uttered the word with a sort of awe that could not but communicate itself to me as we entered the great West wing of the house.

"Air conditioned rooms for the specimens," he explained, as a blast of cool air fanned our faces on his opening the door.

How can I describe it all?

A chilly catalogue of nymphalidae, lemonidae, lycanthidae and the rest of the species' sub-divisions might do, but could contain no hint of the subtle exquisiteness of arrangement, colors grading into hues and shades, shapes ranging from the Swallowtail's graceful spindle to the bulky fuselage of the great Luna meth--

And as though a single, unifying theme binding together a great symphony, through the thorax of each and every specimen was a slender needle of pure gold, into whose head was worked the Ramsey crest.

"You will note," he said after a long pause "the scent of the preservative." And it was not the usual vile stuff--iodoform, arsenic, whatever they use--but a heliotrope which varied as widely as did the specimens. I recall that my host mentioned the chemical house which prepared it for him by the fave-gallon drum.

In the North African room it occurred to me to ask: "Your wife--is she in town?"

Ramséy chuckled. "I can follow the train of reasoning," he said. "Among these gorgeous creatures could anyone fail to be reminded of that most exquisite thing, the modern American woman of wealth and position?"

He was well launched on one of those familiar flights of fancy: "Yet surely there is a more concrete foundation for the connection like than that. One may consider the psychology of both subjects to have certain points of coincidence. Like the butterfly, our typical

woman is of microscopic intellect, having little more wit than to protest against confinement. And, like the butterfly, she ages rapidly, soon passing into a state as far removed from the glowing debutante as is the foetus, thus giving rise to, at best, an ephemeral philosophy."

He opened the last door of the wing, and a somewhat different scent greeted us, riding the markedly cooler air. The massive spike of gold was every bit as precisely worked as the tinier pins that secured the smaller items of the collection.

"The ephemeral philosophy," Ramsey meditated softly: "So deceptive, so inviting, so sure to end in disaster..."

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# INSCRIPTION FOUND ON A MARTIAN OBELISK

I sing no futile obsequies;  
Our world has lived, and loved, and died.  
Risen in squalor, fallen in pride --  
And in a hundred centuries  
The weeds will over-arch this crumbled tomb,  
  
Strangers may read the words I gave  
And carry them to other stars.  
Then let them drink a toast to Mars!  
And may they stand with hearts as brave  
As ours, to watch the coming of their doom.

--Damon Knight.

## FASCISM AND THE HUMAN SPECIES

by Donald A. Wollheim

(This article was written in the Spring of 1938 at a time when only a small minority were aware of the meaning of fascism. We consider it appropriate for publication today although it lay in our files for four years.)

The question before the world today is not one of the rights of racial minorities, nor of "Have" nations and "have-not" nations. It is not a question of whether we think that Nineteenth Century democracy is pleasanter than modern fascism. It is not a question of treaties, or boundaries; armies or pacifists. It is the fundamental question of civilization versus barbarism.

Certainly it is true that German people have been discriminated against in Czechoslovakia and in the South Tyrol, certainly it is true that Jews are discriminated against in Germany, Poland, and other European nations, certainly it is true that Germany split by the ridiculous "Corridor" has been unfairly torn asunder, but these things alone are not the cause of the terrifying chain of events that have gone on with increasing speed in the past few years. The cause lies deeper, the fight is one of greater consequences. It is a fight to determine whether mankind shall live and grow in strength, or whether he shall fall apart and die and pass from the face of the earth as if he had neverbeen.

Mankind, shorn of its civilization, torn apart by war-crazed "leaders" whom a starved and benumbed people have been taught to follow blindly, cannot exist. We have existed upon this earth so far because we have utilized our one natural weapon of defense--the human brain. We were not equipped with horns to gore our enemies, nor with long sharp teeth to rend them, neither were we equipped with four hooved legs to outrun them. Our arms carry no such strength as to tear our natural foes to pieces, nor claws to rip them. Nor does our body carry a natural armor plate or a coat of thick hair to ward off blows. We have only an extra-large brain and unusually facile fingers with which to fight our battles and keep ourselves existent upon a hostile planet. When we cease to depend upon these, and instead extol the virtues of "strength" and "blood", we sign our own death-warrant, for these virtues exist only in the imaginations of madmen.

The political causes of this madness are many, but they are of little consequence. They are only the outward symptoms of the disease of all mankind. That is we have reached a point in our progress when our material level has outstripped our economic level. Our science, our machinery, factories, educational ability and means of living are up to date - twentieth century up-to-the-minute. But our economic level is still that of a hundred years ago--that is it is a system designed for a period when much of the world was undeveloped, designed for a period of world construction, of expansion and application of inventions. Today the world is developed (for the most part), we have expanded into all the parts of



our own civilized world and nominally over all the planet, we have applied new machinery and methods, so that they are no longer new and are merely standard. Now, instead of remodelling our old economic system - one of ruthless individual competition under which it was possible to apply the expanding discoveries of the last century, into a new system - one of co-operative planned production for use - which method is alone capable of continuing the march of progress and applying all that we have discovered, men have failed to understand that ~~xxx~~ and are trying to tear down our twentieth century to fit the economics of the nineteenth.

Such a project cannot be done. Try as man might, he cannot turn back the hands of the clock. We cannot go back one century, we must ~~eitherxxx~~ either scrap everything and give up the use of our brain, or continue bravely ahead adapting our economics to fit our new gains. If we adopt the former we cease to exist. Only by the continued faith in the ability of men to think, can mankind exist at all. Whether we like it or not, the fact remains that only under democracies can man be free to think - can science advance and prosper. It remains uncontested that scientific and cultural progress is being made today only in such nations as the United States, the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and France. Germany, Italy and those nations which make a fetish of strength and blood have stepped their cultural advance. Science is outcast.

Fascism is nothing more than an attempt to halt the march of progress. All its pseudo-theories, its wild blusterings, and military gestures cannot for an instant halt the fact

that science and culture have ceased in those countries. In the event that fascism should triumph over all the world, the human race shall have finished its million years march and shall, within only a few centuries further, disappear from the face of the earth. You cannot argue against the blind laws of nature. Either we use our brains for thinking and for advancing ourselves as a race utilizing the forces of nature for the benefit of mankind, or we abandon our brain-powers in favor of a brute strength we as animals do not possess. We either continue to live as a species at the very top rung of the scale of living creatures; or we shall give up our advantage and join the ranks of the dinosaur and the dodo. The fight against fascism is the fight for life. There can be no compromise and no middle way.

#"#####"

#### STF-STUFF

Science fiction is stuff  
Of which dreams are made.  
Its readers soar the four quadrants of sky,  
And never are afraid.  
For those who read it it is literature sublime,  
Lacking not any valuable type of fluff  
And builds its fans to scientists.

L'Envoi

As for me, I hate the blasted stuff.

--EVA